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Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ARTISTS

LEONARDO

Vol. X. FEBRUARY 1902. No. 2

By ELBERT HUBBARD



Single Copies, 25 cents

By the Year, \$3.00

LITTLE JOURNEYS
TO THE HOMES OF
Eminent Artists
SERIES OF MCMII

The subjects will be in the following order:

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|----------------|-----------------|
| 1 RAPHAEL | 7 COROT |
| 2 LEONARDO | 8 HORACE VERNET |
| 3 BOTTICELLI | 9 PAUL VERONESE |
| 4 THORWALDSEN | 10 CELLINI |
| 5 GAINSBOROUGH | 11 ABBEY |
| 6 VELASQUEZ | 12 WHISTLER |

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By ELBERT HUBBARD

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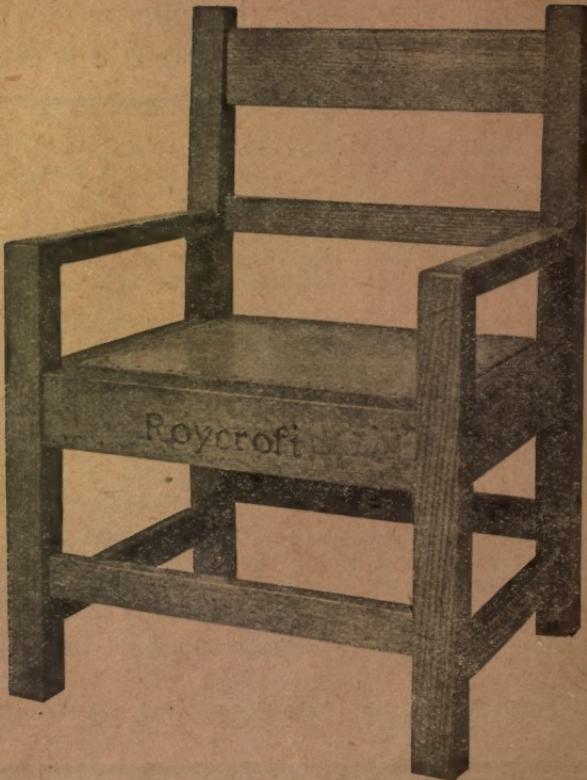
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LITTLE JOURNEYS
To the Homes of
EMINENT ARTISTS
Leonardo

Written by Elbert Hubbard and done
into a Book by the
Roycrofters at their
Shop, which is in
East Aurora, New
York, A. D. 1902

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The world, perhaps, contains no other example of a genius so universal as Leonardo's, so creative, so incapable of self-contentment, so athirst for the infinite, so naturally refined, so far in advance of his own and subsequent ages. His pictures express incredible sensibility and mental power; they overflow with unexpressed ideas and emotions. Alongside of his portraits Michael Angelo's personages are simply heroic athletes; Raphael's virgins are only placid children whose souls are still asleep. His beings feel and think through every line and trait of their physiognomy. Time is necessary to enter into communion with them; not that their sentiment is too slightly marked, for, on the contrary, it emerges from the whole investiture; but it is too subtle, too complicated, too far above and beyond the ordinary, too dream-like and inexplicable.

—Taine in "A Journey through Italy."



Leonardo

LEONARDO



HERE is a little book by George B. Rose, entitled "Renaissance Masters," which is quite worth your while to read. I carried a copy, for company, in the side pocket of my coat for a week, and just peeped into it at odd times. I remember that I thought so little of the volume that I read it with a lead pencil and marked it all up and down and over, and filled the fly leaves with random thoughts and disfigured the margins with a few foolish sketches.

Then one fine day White Pigeon came out to the Roycroft Shop from Buffalo, as she was passing through. She came on the two o'clock train and went away on the four o'clock, and her visit was like a window flung open to the azure. ¶ White Pigeon remained at East Aurora only two hours,—“not long enough,” she said, “to knock the gold and emerald off the butterfly's beautiful wings.”

White Pigeon saw the little book I have mentioned, on my table in the tower-room. She picked it up and turned the leaves aimlessly; then she opened her Boston bag and slipped the book inside, saying as she did so, “You do not mind?” And I said, “Certainly not.”

Then she added "I like to follow in the pathway you have blazed."

That closed the matter so far as the little book was concerned. Save, perhaps, that after I had walked to the station with White Pigeon and she had boarded the car, she stepped out upon the rear platform, and as I stood there at the station watching the train disappear around the curve, White Pigeon reached into the Boston bag, took out the little book and held it up. ¶ That was the last time I saw White Pigeon. She was looking well and strong, and her step, I noticed, was firm and sure, and she carried the crown of her head high and her chin in. It made me carry my chin in, too, just by force of example, I suppose,—so easily are we influenced. When you walk with some folks you slouch along, but others there be who make you feel an upward lift and a skyey gravitation—it is very curious !

Yet I do really believe White Pigeon is forty, or awfully close to it. There are silver streaks among her brown braids, and surely the peach-blow has long gone from her cheek. Then she was awfully tanned—and that little mole on her forehead, and its mate on her chin, stand out more than ever, like the freckles on the face of Alcibiades Roycroft when he has taken on his August russet ¶ ¶

I think White Pigeon must be near forty ! That is the second book she has stolen from me ; the other was Max Muller's "Memories,"—it was at the Louvre in Paris,

August 14th, 1895, as we sat on a bench, silent before the "Mona Lisa" of Leonardo.

This book, "Renaissance Masters," I did n't care much for, anyway. I got no information from it, yet it gave me a sort o' glow—that is all—like that lecture which I heard in my boyhood by Wendell Phillips.

There is only one thing in the book I remember, but that stands out as clearly as the little mole on White Pigeon's forehead. The author said that Leonardo da Vinci invented more useful appliances than any man who ever lived, excepting our own Edison.

I know Edison—he is a most lovable man (because he is himself), very deaf and glad of it, he says, because it saves him from hearing a lot of things he does n't wish to hear. "It is like this," he once said to me, "deafness gives you a needed isolation; reduces your sensitivity so things do not distract or distract; allows you to concentrate and focus on a thought until you run it down—see?"

Edison is a great Philistine—reads everything I write—has a complete file of the little brownie magazine; and some of the Little Journeys I saw he had interlined and marked. I think Edison is one of the greatest men I ever met—he appreciates Good Things.

I told Edison how this writer, Rose, had compared him with Leonardo. He smiled and said, "Who is Rose?" then after a little pause continued, "The Great Man is one who has been a long time dead—the woods are full of wizards, but not many of them know

that," and the Wizard laughed softly at his own joke. ¶ What kind of a man was Leonardo? Why he was the same kind of a man as Edison—only Leonardo was thin and tall, while Edison is stout. But you and I would be at home with either. Both are classics and therefore essentially modern. Leonardo studied Nature at first hands—he took nothing for granted—Nature was his one book. Stuffy, fussy, indoor professors,—men of awful dignity, frighten folks, cause children to scream, and ladies to gaze in awe; but Leonardo was simple and unpretentious. He was at home in any society, high or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned—and was quite content to be himself. It 's a fine thing to be yourself!

Thackeray once said, "If I had met Shakespeare on the stairs, I know I should have fainted dead away!" I do not believe Shakespeare's presence ever made anybody faint. He was so big that he could well afford to put folks at their ease.

If Leonardo should come to East Aurora, Bertie, Oliver, Lyle and I would tramp with him across the fields, and he would carry that leather bag strung across his shoulder, just as he ever did when in the country. He was a geologist and botanist, and was always collecting things (and forgetting where they were).

We would tramp with him, I say, and if the season were right, we would go through orchards, sit under the trees and eat apples. And Leonardo would talk as he liked to do, and tell why the side of fruit that was

towards the sun took on a beautiful color first; and when an apple fell from the tree he would, so to speak, anticipate Sir Isaac Newton and explain why it fell down and not up.

That leather bag of his, I fear, would get rather heavy before we got back, and probably Oliver and Lyle would dispute the honor of carrying it for him.

Leonardo was once engaged by Caesar Borgia to fortify the kingdom of Romagna. It was a brand new kingdom, presented to the young man by Pope Alexander the Sixth. It was really the Pope who ordered Leonardo to survey the tract and make plans for the fortifications and canals and all that,—so Leonardo did n't like to refuse. Caesar Borgia had the felicity of being the son of the Pope, but the Pope used to refer to him as his nephew—it was a habit that Popes once had. Pope Alexander also had a daughter, by name, Lucrezia Borgia, sister to Caesar and very much like him, for they took their diversion in the same way.

Leonardo started in to do the work and make plans for fortifications that would be impregnable. He looked the ground over thoroughly, traveling on horseback, and his two servants followed him up in a cart drawn by a bull, which Leonardo calmly explains was a "side-wheeler."

Leonardo carried a big sketch book, and as he made plans for redoubts, he made notes to the effect that crows fly in flocks without a leader, and wild ducks have a system and fly V shape with a leader that

changes off from time to time with the privates. Also a waterfall runs the musical gamut, and the water might be separated so to play a tune. Also the leaves turn to gold through oxidation, and robins pair for life.

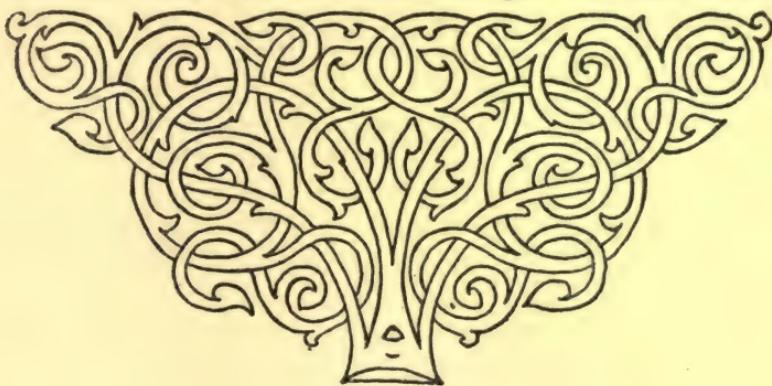
¶ Leonardo also wrote at this time on the movements of the clouds, the broken strata of rocks, the fertilization of flowers, the habits of bees, and a hundred other themes which fill the library of note books that he left.

¶ Meanwhile Caesar Borgia was getting a trifle impatient about the building of his forts. Two years had passed when Caesar and his father met with an accident not uncommon in those times. The precious pair had indulged in their Borgian specialty for the benefit of a certain cardinal, whom they did not warmly admire, though the plot seems to have been chiefly the work of Caesar. By mistake they drank the poisoned wine prepared for the cardinal, and the Pope was cut off amidst a life of usefulness, his son surviving for a worse fate. Pope Julius II. coming upon the scene, speedily dispossessed the Borgias and the idea of the new kingdom was abandoned.

Leonardo evidently did not go into mourning for the Pope. He had a bullock cart loaded with specimens, sketches and note books, and set to work to sort them out. He was very happy in this employment—being essentially a man of peace—and while he made forts and planned siege guns he was a deal more interested in certain swallows that made nests and glued the work into a most curious and beautiful structure, then tearing

up the nest when the young were old enough to fly and pushing the wee birds out to "swim in the air" or perish.

I made some notes about Leonardo's bird observations in the back of that "Renaissance" book that White Pigeon appropriated. I cannot recall just what they were—I think I 'll hunt White Pigeon up the next time I am in Paris, and get the book back.





HEN that painstaking biographer, Arsene Houssaye, was endeavoring to fix the date of Leonardo da Vinci's birth he interviewed a certain bishop, who waived the matter thus, "Surely what difference does it make, since he had no business to be born at all?"—a very Milesian-like reply.

Houssaye is too sensible a man to waste words with the spiritually obese, and so merely answered in the language of Terence, "I am a man and nothing that is human is alien to me!"

The gentle Erasmus when a boy, was once taunted by a schoolfellow with having "no name." And Erasmus replied, "Then I 'll make one for myself." And he did.

¶ No record of Leonardo's birth exists, but the year is fixed upon in a very curious way. Caterina, his mother, was married one year after his birth. The date of this marriage is proven and the fact that the son of Piero da Vinci was then a year old is also shown. As the marriage occurred in 1453, we simply go back one year and say that Leonardo da Vinci was born in 1452.

Most accounts say that Caterina was a servant in the da Vinci family, but a later and seemingly more authentic writer informs us that she was a governess and teacher of needle work. That her kinsmen hastened her marriage with the peasant, Vacca Accattabriga, seems quite certain: they sought to establish her in

a respectable position. And so she acquiesced, and avoided society's displeasure, very much as Lord Bacon escaped disgrace by leaving "Hamlet" upon Shakespeare's doorstep.

This child of Caterina's found a warm welcome in the noble family of his father. From his babyhood he seems to have had the power of winning hearts—he came fresh from God and brought love with him. We even hear a little rustle of dissent from grandmothers and aunts when his father, Piero da Vinci married, and started housekeeping as did Benjamin Franklin "with a wife and a bouncing boy."

The charm of the child is again revealed in the fact that his stepmother treated him as her own babe, and lavished her love upon him even from her very wedding morn. Perhaps the compliment should go to her, as well as to the child, for the woman whose heart goes out to another woman's babe is surely good quality. And this was the only taste of motherhood that this brave woman knew, for she passed out in a few months.

Fate decreed that Leonardo should have successively four stepmothers, and should live with all of them in happiness and harmony, for he always made his father's house his own.

Leonardo was the idol of his father and all these stepmothers. He had ten half-brothers who alternately boasted of his kinship, and flouted him. Yet nothing could seriously disturb the serenity of his mind. When his father died, without a will, the brothers sought to

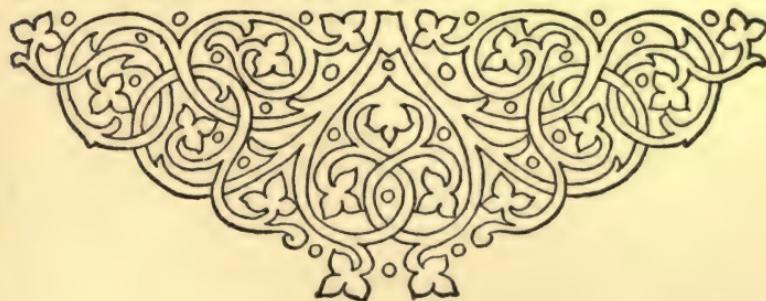
dispossess Leonardo of his rights, and we hear of a lawsuit, which was finally compromised. Yet note the magnanimity of Leonardo—in his will he leaves bequests to these brothers who had sought to undo him!

¶ Of the life of the mother after her marriage we know nothing. There is a vague reference in Vasari's book to her "large family and growing cares," but whether she knew of her son's career, we cannot say. Leonardo never mentions her, yet one writer has attempted to show that the rare beauty of that mysterious face shown in so many of Leonardo's pictures was modeled from the face of his mother.

No love story comes to us in Leonardo's own life—he never married. Ventura suggests that "on account of his birth, he was indifferent to the divine institution of marriage." But this is pure conjecture. We know that his great contemporaries, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian and Giorgione never married; and we know further that there was a sentiment in the air at that time, that an artist belonged to the Church, and his life, like that of a priest, was sacred to her service.

¶ Like Sir William Davenant, Leonardo was always proud of the mystery that surrounded his birth—it differentiated him from the mass, and placed him as one set apart. Well might he have used the language put into the mouth of Edmund in "King Lear." In one of Leonardo's manuscripts is found an interjected prayer of thankfulness for "the divinity of my birth, and the angels that have guarded my life and guided

my feet." ¶ This idea of "divinity" is strong in the mind of every great man. He recognizes his sonship, and claims his divine parentage. The man of masterly mind is perforce an Egoist. When he speaks he says, "Thus saith the Lord." If he did not believe in himself, how could he make others believe in him? Small men are apologetic and give excuses for being on earth, and reasons for staying here so long, and run and peek about to find themselves dishonorable graves. Not so the Great Souls—the fact that they are here is proof that God sent them. Their actions are regal, their language oracular, their manner affirmative. Leonardo's mental attitude was sublimely gracious—he had no grievance with his Maker—he accepted life, and found it good. ¶ "We are all sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."





HILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, who wrote the "Intellectual Life," names Leonardo da Vinci as having lived the richest, fullest, and best rounded life of which we know. Yet while Leonardo lived there lived also these: Shakespeare, Cervantes, Columbus, Martin Luther, Savonarola, Loyola,

Erasmus, Michael Angelo, Titian and Raphael. Titans all—giants in intellect and performance, doing and daring, and working such wonders as men never before worked. Writing plays, without thought of posterity, that are today the mine from which men work their poetry; producing comedies that are classic; sailing trackless seas and discovering continents; tacking proclamations of defiance on Church doors; hunted and exiled for the right of honest speech; welcoming fierce flames of fagots; falling upon blocks of marble and liberating angels; painting pictures that have inspired millions! But not one touched life at so many points, or reveled so in existence, or was so captain of his soul as was Leonardo da Vinci.

Vasari calls him the "divinely endowed," "showered with the richest gifts as by celestial munificence," and speaks of his countenance thus: "The radiance of his face was so splendidly beautiful that it brought cheerfulness to the hearts of the most melancholy, and his presence was such that his lightest word would move

the most obstinate to say 'Yes' or 'No.' " Bandello, the story teller who was made a Bishop on account of his peculiar talent, had the affrontery to put one of his worst stories, that about the adventures of Fra Lippo Lippi into the mouth of Leonardo. This rough-cast tale, somewhat softened down and hand-polished, served for one of Browning's best known poems. Had Bandello allowed Botticelli to tell the tale, it would have been much more in keeping. Leonardo's days were too full of work to permit of his indulging in the society of roysterers—his life was singularly dignified and upright.

When about twenty years old Leonardo was a fellow-student with Perugino in the bottega of good old Andrea del Verrocchio. It seems the master painted a group and gave Leonardo the task of drawing in one figure. Leonardo painted in an angel—an angel whose grace and subtle beauty stands out, even today, like a ray of light. The story runs that good old Verrocchio wept on first seeing it—wept unselfish tears of joy, touched with a very human pathos—his pupil had far surpassed him, and never again did Verrocchio attempt to paint ~~it~~.

In physical strength Leonardo surpassed all of his comrades. "He could twist horseshoes between his fingers, bend bars of iron across his knees, disarm every adversary, and in wrestling, running, vaulting and swimming he had no equals. He was especially fond of horses, and in the joust often rode animals that

had never before been ridden, winning prizes from the most daring."

Brawn is usually purchased at the expense of brain, but not so in this case. Leonardo was the courtier and diplomat, and all the finer graces were in his keeping, even from boyhood. And a recent biographer has made the discovery that he was called from Florence to the Court of Milan "because he was such an adept harpist, playing and singing his own compositions."

Yet we have the letter written by Leonardo to the Duke of Milan, wherein he commends himself, and in humility tells of a few things he can do. This most precious document is now in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. After naming nine items in the way of constructing bridges, tunnels, canals, fortifications, the making of cannon, use of combustibles and explosives—known to him alone—he gets down to things of peace and says:

"I believe I am equaled by no one in architecture in constructing public and private buildings, and in conducting water from one place to another. I can execute sculpture, whether in marble, bronze, or terra cotta, and in drawing and painting I believe I can do as much as any other man, be he who he may. Further, I could engage to execute the bronze statue in memory of your honored father. And again, if any of the above mentioned things should appear impossible, or overstated, I am ready to make such performance in any place or at any time to prove to you my power. In

humility I thus commend myself to your illustrious house, and am your servant,

LEONARDO DA VINCI."

And the strange part of all this is that Leonardo could do all he claimed—or he might, if there were a hundred hours in a day and man did not grow old.

The things he predicted and planned have mostly been done. He knew the earth was round, and understood the orbits of the planets—Columbus knew no more. His scheme of building a canal from Pisa to Florence and diverting the waters of the Arno, was carried out exactly as he had planned, two hundred years after his death.

He knew the expansive quality of steam, the right systems of dredging, the action of the tides, the proper use of levers, screws and cranes, and how immense weights could be raised and lowered. He placed a new foundation under a church that was sinking in the sand and elevated the whole stone structure several feet. But when Vasari seriously says he had a plan for moving mountains, (aside from faith) I think we would better step aside and talk of other things.

And all this time that he was working at physics and mathematics, he was painting and modeling in clay, just for recreation.

Then behold the Duke of Milan, the ascetic and profligate, libertine and dreamer, hearing of him and sending straightway for Leonardo because he is "the most accomplished harpist in Italy!"

So Leonardo came and led the dance and the tourney, improvised songs, and planned the fetes and festivals where strange animals turned into birds and gigantic flowers opened, disclosing beautiful girls.

Yet Leonardo found time to plan the equestrian statue of Francisco Sporza, the Duke's father, and finding the subject so interesting he took up the systematic study of the horse, and dived to the depths of horse anatomy in a way that no living man had done before. He dissected the horse, articulated the skeletons of different breeds for comparison, and then wrote a book upon the subject which is a text-book yet; and meanwhile he let the statue wait. He discovered that in the horse there are rudimentary muscles, and unused organs,—the "water stomach" for instance,—thus showing that the horse evolved from a lower form of life—anticipating Darwin by three hundred years.

The Duke was interested in statues and pictures—what he called "results"—he did n't care for speculations or theories, and only a live horse that could run fast interested him. So to keep the peace, the gracious Leonardo painted portraits of the Duke's mistress, posing her as the Blessed Virgin, thus winning the royal favor and getting carte blanche orders on the keeper of the Exchequer. As a result of this Milan period we have the superb portrait now in the Louvre, of Lucrezia Crivelli, who was supposed to be the favorite of the Duke ~~of~~ ~~of~~

But the Duke was a married man, and the good wife

must be placated. She had turned to religion when her lover's love grew cold, just as women always do; and for her Leonardo painted the "Last Supper" in the dining room of the monastery which was under her especial protection, and where she often dined. ¶ The devout lady found much satisfaction in directing the work, which was to be rather general and simply decorative. But the heart of Leonardo warmed to the task and as he worked he planned the most famous painting in the world.

All this time Leonardo had many pupils in painting and sculpture. Soon he founded the Milan Academy of Art. At odd times he made designs for the Duke's workers in silver and gold, drew patterns for the nuns to embroider from, and gave them and the assembled ladies, invited on the order of the Duke's wife, lessons in literature and the gentle art of writing poetry.

The Prior of the monastery watched the work of the "Last Supper" with impatient eyes. He had given up the room to the lumbering scaffolds, hoping to have all cleaned up and tidy in a month, come Michaelmas. But the month had passed and only blotches of color and black, curious outlines marred the walls. Once the Prior threatened to remove the lumber by force and wipe the walls clean, but Leonardo looked at him and he retreated.

Now he complained to the Duke about the slowness of the task. Leonardo worked alone, allowing no pupil or helper to touch the picture. Five good lively men

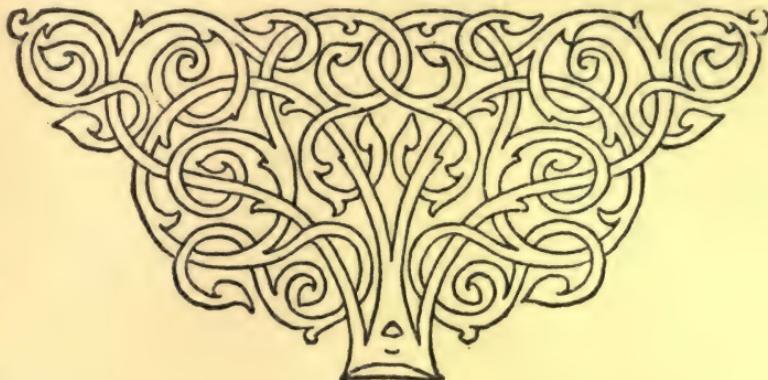
could do the job in a week—"I could do it myself, if allowed," the good Prior said. Often Leonardo would stand with folded arms and survey the work for an hour at a time and not lift a brush; the Prior had seen it all through the key-hole!

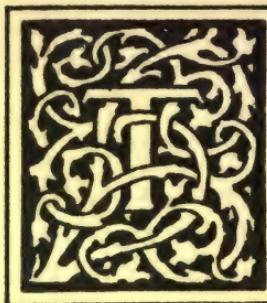
The Duke listened patiently and then summoned Leonardo. The painter's gracious speech soon convinced the Duke that men of genius do not work like hired laborers. This painting was to be a masterpiece, fit monument to a wise and virtuous ruler. So consummate a performance must not be hastened; besides there was no one to pose for either the head of Christ or of Judas. The Christ must be ideal and the face could only be conjured forth from the painter's own soul, in moments of inspiration. As for Judas, "why if nothing better can be found—and I doubt it much—I believe I will take as model for Judas our friend the Prior!" And Leonardo turned to the Prior who fled and never again showed his face in the room until the picture was finished.

The Prior's complaint that Leonardo had too many irons in the fire, was the one universal cry the groundlings raised against him. "He begins things but never completes them," they said.

The man of genius conceives things; the man of talent carries them forward to completion. This the critics did not know. It is too much to expect the equal balance of genius and talent in one individual. Leonardo had great talent, but his genius outstripped it, for he planned

what twenty lifetimes could not complete. ¶ He was the endless experimenter—his was the Experimental Life. His incentive was self-development—to conceive was enough—common men could complete. ¶ To try many things means Power: to finish a few is Immortality.





HE human face is the masterpiece of God.

A woman's smile may have in it more sublimity than a sunset; more pathos than a battle-scarred landscape; more warmth than the sun's bright rays; more love than words can say. ¶ The human face is the masterpiece of God.

The eyes reveal the soul, the mouth the flesh, the chin stands for purpose, the nose means will. But over and behind all is that fleeting Something we call "expression." This Something is not set or fixed, it is fluid as the ether, changeful as the clouds that move in mysterious majesty across the surface of a summer sky, subtle as the sob of rustling leaves—too faint at times for human ears—elusive as the ripples that play hide and seek over the bosom of a placid lake.

And yet men have caught expression and held it captive. ¶ On the walls of the Louvre hangs the "Mona Lisa" of Leonardo da Vinci. This picture has been for four hundred years an exasperation and an inspiration to every portrait painter who has put brush to palette. Well does Walter Pater call it, "The Despair of Painters." The artist was over fifty years of age when he began the work, and he was four years in completing the task. ¶

Completing, did I say? Leonardo's dying regret was that he had not completed this picture. And yet we

might say of it, as Ruskin said of Turner's work, "By no conceivable stretch of imagination can we say where this picture could be bettered or improved upon."

Leonardo did not paint this portrait for the woman who sat for it, nor for the woman's husband, who we know was not interested in the matter. The painter made the picture for himself, but succumbing to temptation, sold it to the King of France for a sum equal to something over eighty thousand dollars,—an enormous amount at that time to be paid for a single canvas. The picture was not for sale, which accounts for the tremendous price that it brought.

Unlike so many other works attributed to Leonardo, no doubt exists as to the authenticity of "La Gioconda." The correspondence relative to its sale yet exists, and even the voucher proving its payment may still be seen. Fate and fortune have guarded the "Mona Lisa;" and neither thief nor vandal, nor impious infidel nor unappreciating stupidity, nor time itself has done it harm. France bought the picture; France has always owned and housed it; it still belongs to France.

We call the "Mona Lisa" a portrait, and we have been told how La Gioconda sat for the picture, and how the artist invented ways of amusing her, by stories, recitations, the luring strain of hidden lutes, and strange flowers and rare pictures brought in as surprises to animate and cheer.

That Leonardo loved this woman we are sure, and that their friendship was close and intimate the world

has guessed; but the picture is not her portrait—it is himself whom the artist reveals.

Away back in his youth, when Leonardo was a student with Verrocchio, he gave us glimpses of this same face. He showed this woman's mysterious smile in the Madonna, in St. Anne, Mary Magdalen, and the outlines of the features are suggested in the Christ and the St. John of the "Last Supper." But not until "La Gioconda" had posed for him did the consummate beauty and mysterious intellect of this ideal countenance find expression.

There is in the face all you can read into it, and nothing more. It gives you what you bring, and nothing else. It is as silent as the lips of Memnon, as voiceless as the Sphinx. It suggests to you every joy that you have ever felt, every sorrow you have ever known, every triumph you have ever experienced.

This woman is beautiful, just as all life is beautiful when we are in health. She has no quarrel with the world—she loves and she is loved again. No vain longing fills her heart, no feverish unrest disturbs her dreams, for her no crouching fears haunt the passing hours—that ineffable smile which plays around her mouth says plainly that life is good. And yet the circles about the eyes and the drooping lids hint of world-weariness, and speak the message of Koheleth and say "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

"La Gioconda" is infinitely wise, for she has lived. That supreme poise is only possible to one who knows.

All the experiences and emotions of manifold existence have etched and molded that form and face until the body has become the perfect instrument of soul. Like every piece of intense personality, this picture has power both to repel and attract. To this woman nothing is either necessarily good or bad. She has known strange woodland loves in far off æons when the world was young. She is familiar with the nights and days of Cleopatra, for they were hers—the lavish luxury, the animalism of a soul on fire, the smoke of curious incense that brought poppy-like repose, the satiety that sickens—all these were her portion; the sting of the asp yet lingers in her memory, and the faint scar from its fangs is upon her white breast, known and wondered at by Leonardo who loved her.

Back of her, stretches her life, a mysterious purple shadow. Do you not see the palaces turned to dust, the broken columns, the sunken treasures, the creeping mosses and the rank ooze of fretted waters that have undermined cities and turned kingdoms into desert seas? The galleys of pagan Greece have swung wide for her on the unforgetting tide, for her soul dwelt in the body of Helen of Troy, and Pallas Athene has followed her ways and whispered to her even the secrets of the gods.

Aye! not only was she Helen, but she was Leda the mother of Helen. Then she was St. Anne, mother of Mary; and next she was Mary, visited by an Angel in a dream, and followed by the Wise Men who had seen

the Star in the East. ¶ The centuries, that are but thoughts, found her a Vestal Virgin in Pagan Rome when brutes were kings, and lust stalked rampant through the streets. She was the bride of Christ and her fair, frail body was flung to the wild beasts, and torn limb from limb while the multitude feasted on the sight . . .

True to the central impulse of her soul the Dark Ages rightly called her Cecilia, and then Saint Cecilia, mother of sacred music, and later she ministered to men as Melania, the Nun of Tagaste; next as that daughter of William the Conqueror, the Sister of Charity who went throughout Italy, Spain and France and taught the women of the nunneries how to sew, to weave, to embroider, to illuminate books and make beauty, truth and harmony manifest to human eyes. And so this Lady of the Beautiful Hands stood to Leonardo as the embodiment of a perpetual life; moving in a constantly ascending scale, gathering wisdom, graciousness, love, even as he himself in this life, met every experience half-way and counted it joy, knowing that experience is the germ of power. Life writes its history upon the face, so that all those who have had a like experience read and understand. ¶ The human face is the masterpiece of God.

HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME
OF LEONARDO, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD.
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DESIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, AND THE WHOLE
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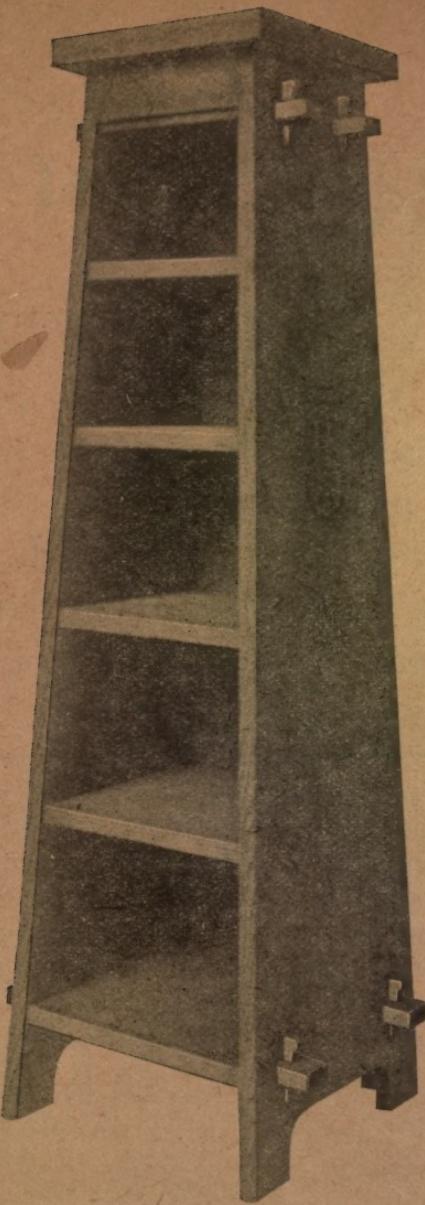
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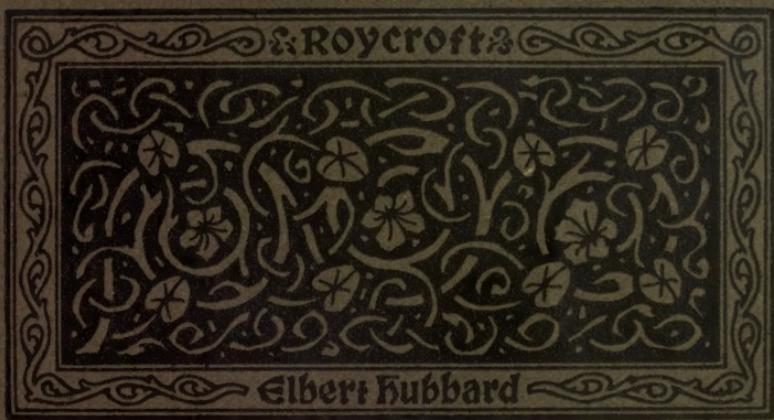
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